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A Sketch of some Branches of

MISSION WORK

in the Diocese of

St. John's, Kaffraria.

By Two Workers in the Mission Field.

Dedicated to the Daughters of the Scottish Church.

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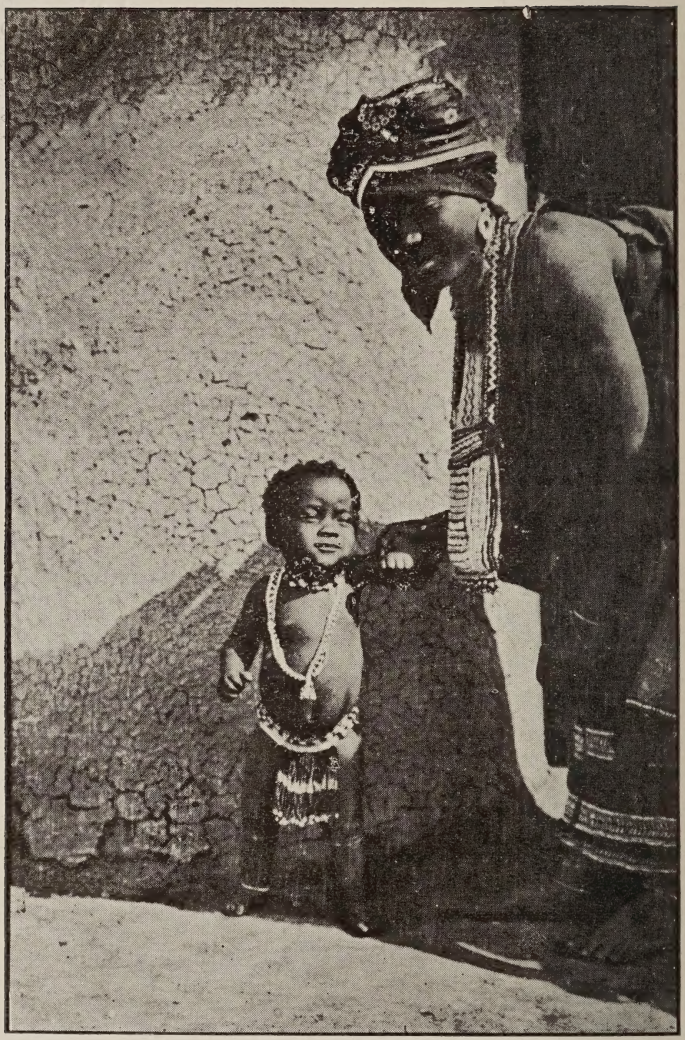

A PROUD MOTHER

A SKETCH OF SOME BRANCHES OF MISSION WORK IN THE DIOCESE OF ST. JOHN'S, KAFFRARIA.

BY TWO WORKERS IN THE MISSION FIELD.

Dedicated to the Daughters of Scotland.

FOREWORD.

THE Bishop of St. John's has asked us to devote some of the leisure hours of a sea-voyage from South Africa to England, to writing a sketch—as far as our experiences enable us to do so—of Mission work in the "Territories," as Kaffraria is now called. A deck crowded with men, women and children—especially children—is not a place conducive to quiet thought and retrospection—but we can only do our best.

The Bishop thinks that many of our Scottish friends, who give so liberally their sympathy, their prayers and their alms to the work, might be glad to read a few details of it; and he hopes, as we do, that some of the generation now growing up may be led to think whether they cannot, perhaps, make that best of all offerings—themselves, saying, like the prophet of old, "Here am I, send me."

The Country.

Any good atlas will show that the Diocese of St. John's lies with its eastern side along the Indian Ocean, the Great Kei river separating it on the south from the Grahamstown Diocese, which stretches half way up the western boundary, till it joins that of Bloemfontein, the remaining portion adjoining the Diocese of Natal. It is a country of rare beauty, a paradise for artists and botanists. The Drakensberg range on the west—which is about the length of England and Scotland together—forms a magnificent panorama, especially in winter, when its snow-crowned summits are glittering in the sun. Most parts of the diocese are, however, below the snow-line. We have heard that once, when an exceptional fall of snow was reported at a farm about five miles away from a certain town, the inhabitants promptly drove out in every vehicle that could be mustered to see the wonderful sight; while in another town, which woke up one morning to find itself covered with snow, all the shops and places of business were closed in order that the whole population might for once enjoy the pleasure of snow-balling each other!

Travelling in the Diocese is still a matter of difficulty, although within the last few years the railway has

been extended to Umtata, the capital, from which one can now go by train—though by very round-about routes—to all the large cities and towns of South Africa. But the northern half of the diocese, with the exception of a side route from Maclear, as far as Natal is still not linked up with any railway system, and travellers must have recourse to other modes of locomotion. The use of motor-cars, both as public and private conveyances, has immensely increased, but only the well-to-do can afford to use them, and accidents are of frequent occurrence. Not only are the roads so bad as to be hardly worthy of the name, but in the rainy season the rivers rise so suddenly that it is impossible to cross them, and bridges are few and far between. On some routes the old-fashioned post-carts, drawn by six mules, are still used—driving under these circumstances consisting of a series of bumps and jolts, the carts being without spring, and a good speed maintained, be the road what it may. Then there are private carts (the word "carriage" is hardly ever used)—Cape-carts, spiders, buggies, etc., and in the last resort the ox-waggon. If one is not in a hurry, a journey in such a vehicle has its attractions. Experienced people know how to make the interior, covered by the "tent,"

very fairly comfortable with mattresses and cushions, and pic-nic meals by the way, and nights spent —weather permitting—under the glorious starlit sky, are an experience not to be missed. Naturally, difficulties arise sometimes; the oxen will stray away, or the waggon will get into a mud-hole, sometimes losing a wheel in the process, or a river will suddenly rise, making further travelling impossible. Indeed, we have seen as many as twenty waggons drawn up by the bank, waiting for the water to go down—which may be a matter of hours, or even days. Riding is one of the best ways of getting over long distances—when there is no luggage to be carried, and the sturdy little native horses will do their forty miles a day with two half-hour rests, and be none the worse. Energetic folk (and tramps!) sometimes walk, but the distances are so immense as to be hardly worth the time and fatigue involved. But to the lover of beauty, all modes of travelling are enjoyable, for one who loves South Africa does not weary even of the illimitable veld, since its aspect changes with every hour of the day.

We have already alluded to the floral beauties of the country. As to garden flowers, there are hardly any of our English favourites which cannot be successfully cultivated;

roses, for instance, grow luxuriantly almost all the year round. South Africa is particularly rich in lilies of all kinds, hues and sizes. But the wild flowers are essentially different, even when called by the same names as the English ones. An African "primrose"—to take only one example—though not unlike our own in form and colour, has round leaves, no scent, and will not live an hour in water.

We are a tree-planting nation, and on a long day's journey a farm or trading station can always be known by its belt of trees, even when the house is hidden, and it is miles away. In some parts the beautiful tree-ferns are quite a feature of the landscape.

The Climate.

In so large a tract of country one can hardly generalize; but it is safe to say that the summer—which, of course, corresponds in time to the English winter—is often extremely hot and attended by heavy thunderstorms, which frequently cause serious floods and loss of life, while the winter is sunny, dry and delightful. Indeed a winter's day in South Africa should cheer and brighten anyone, however depressed. The mornings and evenings are cold; a pail of water left outside all night will often get a thin coating of ice,

and the grass glistens with hoar-frost; but as the sun gets higher in the heavens the cold disappears and soon one feels as warm as on an English summer's day. In fact, there is never one day in the 365 when a muslin blouse cannot be comfortably worn until sunset. Another advantage is that hot nights are very rare.

We have alluded to the thunderstorms, an almost daily feature when the summer is normal. One may often see them all round the horizon, the lightning forked and vivid, and the peals of thunder loud and long, but they are soon over, and leave a pleasant coolness behind. Sometimes, however, they are of exceptional severity. In a few minutes every pane of glass on the weather side may be broken (unless protected by outside shutters), all one's cherished garden flowers laid low, fruit trees stripped, poultry and even cattle killed. We remember one storm in which the hailstones, the size of pigeon's eggs, were covered with long spikes of ice, which considerably increased their power of doing damage.

On the whole, the climate is decidedly healthy and pleasant. Some people cannot live near a river, or in a valley, on account of the mists; others avoid too great a height; but those with a tendency to consumption are often completely cured.

"Nervy" folk, however, should avoid South Africa, as they are sure to get worse instead of better.

One takes a little time to get used to the comparatively small difference in the length of summer and winter days; the shortest day does not get dark till 6 p.m. and the longest closes in at 7.30. The nights are gloriously beautiful, the stars shining with a brilliancy unknown in the northern hemisphere; people often arrange a "moonlight picnic" at the close of a hot summer's day.

The People.

Speaking broadly, the inhabitants of the Territories may be divided into four classes—English, Dutch, Native and Coloured. English people of the second or third generations are "Colonials"—but they retain a strong affection for the old country, and even if they have never seen it, will speak of a visit to England as "going home." One has to live amongst Colonials in order to appreciate their many excellent qualities, foremost in which should be placed their hospitality. They will put themselves to any inconvenience to take in anyone accidentally stranded—even a total stranger—and make nothing of it. In cases of illness or sorrow, the utmost neighbourly kindness is shown. A hard-worked wife and mother will sit up all night with an invalid, or take the children

into her already large family. If she can do nothing else, she will find time to cook and send in some little dainty dish to tempt the failing appetite—soup, jelly, or a custard. They are devoted parents, grudging their children nothing, and though we may think their way of bringing them up capable of much improvement, we must remember that they themselves have too often lacked advantages in their own earlier lives.

English people, on first coming out to South Africa, often annoy and alienate Colonials by drawing unwise comparisons and making remarks which a little tact should teach them to suppress. The conditions in the two countries are different, and until one has had time to become familiar with both, it is unfair and unwise to criticise.

The Dutch are, of course, the descendants of those who first colonized South Africa. Many of them, partly through intermarriage, partly through neighbourly intercourse, partly through conviction, are true and loyal subjects of the British Crown, while retaining a natural predilection for their own language and customs. Others are bitterly opposed to the Union and, indeed, to everything English, and have never forgiven us for the successful issue of the Boer War—and these it will take much time, patience

and Christian forbearance to win, for there is much prejudice and ignorance to overcome.

The Natives far outnumber both English and Dutch collectively. In the Territories the chief tribes are the Tembus, the Pondos, the Griquas, the Pondomisi, and the Fingoes. Almost all these speak the Xosa (wrongly called the Kafir) language, with local variations. For the history of these tribes, and of the work done amongst them in the past, we must refer our readers to such books as Kidd's "Essential Kaffr" and "Kafir Childhood," which give most interesting pictures of the daily life and peculiar customs of these people; to a "History of Bishop Callaway," published in 1890 by Macmillan; to Father Callaway's "Sketches of Kafir Life" and "A Shepherd of the Veld"—the latter a fascinating account of Bishop Key's life and work—for a little sketch like the present could not attempt to give a hundredth part of the information to be gleaned from these most interesting books.

By far the greater number of these natives—or "reds," as they are often called, from their custom of wearing a red blanket—are still heathen, in spite of all that has been done for them by the Church during the last sixty years. Even in their

raw state, they have many splendid qualities, and are by no means deficient in intellectual power. When the day comes when all these natives have been won for Christ, they will be found to be a great asset amongst the populations of the world. At present people who have not lived or worked amongst them, and only know them superficially, are too often apt to underrate and despise them. Contempt is especially felt for what are wrongly called "Christian" natives, though the veneer of Christianity may be very thin indeed —or non-existent. Boys are sometimes sent to a Mission School, where perhaps they pass the second standard, and acquire a slight knowledge of the three R's, with a still slighter knowledge of the truths of the Faith. They adopt—to a certain extent—European costume, and then, dazzled by the pay offered, go off to the mines, signing on for a definite term of work. Here they come into contact, too often, with the worst type of white man; they learn to drink, to swear, to gamble—and worse; then they return to their homes, having contracted the seeds of consumption or some other disease, ruined in body and soul, and a source of corruption to others.

The real "Christian native," who has come, and remained, under good

influence, is a very different person. It would be hardly possible for anyone with ordinary powers of observation to pass a group of native men and women without being able at once to tell by their faces who are Christian and who are heathen—the expression is so entirely different.

But there is one more class of people whom we have mentioned—the Coloured folk. This term is applied to those who are the children or grandchildren of a white father and a native mother. Their lot is indeed a sad one, for they are looked down upon by both races, whose vices they are said to unite in themselves. They have hitherto been sadly neglected, but the Church is waking up to the consciousness of her responsibilities towards them, and we hope the next decade will see the inauguration of many good works on their behalf.

The Work.

I. Missions.—It is difficult to write in general terms about Missions, because they vary so much in different places and amongst different tribes. Usually there is only one white Priest in charge, under whom may be native schoolmasters and catechists, or even a native Deacon—there are, as yet, but few native Priests. The work often starts with a school, which at first has to serve as a church; then, as

Christians increase, in course of time they will build a church themselves—with only sod walls and a thatched roof, furnished with the barest necessaries, but the worshippers soon learn to love and take a pride in it. It is for little churches like these—hidden away in the heart of heathendom—that help is so much needed to provide even the decencies of worship. The simplest of altar frontals and furniture, surplices, stoles, etc., which have seen their best days at home and have been replaced by better ones, would be treasures indeed to many a Mission. One sometimes sees requests for these things in the "Foreign Mission Chronicle"—and wonders how many are granted. Our churches at home, in England and Scotland, are often so beautifully furnished—the materials, the work, the designs all of the very best—and one ought not to grudge anything for the service of God; but still, in what family would the eldest sister adorn herself in silks and satins and jewels, leaving the youngest to wear the poorest and shabbiest of garments? One can hardly help making the comparison when one sees some poor little native church with a rough altar, fashioned perhaps out of packing cases, and covered with green calico; no cross, no candlesticks, a wine-glass and a white plate for

chalice and paten, and a common wine-bottle for a flagon! Then the surplices. Many catechists possess only one, and though their womenfolk do their best to mend and wash it, such hard wear reduces it in course of time to something little better than a rag. Daughters of Scotland! is there not here a field for your energy? If you hesitate, because you do not know which church to help, you have only to ask the Secretary of Foreign Missions, and your doubts will soon be set at rest.

We well remember the touching joy and gratitude with which a catechist received a new surplice, which we made for him on seeing the pitiable condition to which his had been reduced. We had offered to mend it—but there was nothing left to mend except rags. That new surplice really was the joy of his life.

After a time, the work begins to spread farther. Another school is built a few miles away; some of the original converts begin to wish to draw others into the fold. Their methods of doing this would not perhaps appeal to us—but we are not all made alike. We know one Mission where, as Lent comes round year by year, the Priest's wife, with a faithful band of earnest women, decide to concentrate their efforts on some particular man, generally a

"headman," who, though not unfriendly to Christianity, has hitherto refused to abandon heathenism. They go to his kraal, select a large hut, and begin their work of intercession during the afternoon. The women all pray by turns—they have a wonderful gift of extempore prayer breaking forth every now and then into some well-known hymn. But the praying does not cease—all through the singing the earnest voice keeps on, without hesitation or pause, till she has poured out her heart, and another woman takes up the prayer. Such meetings last all through the night. Strange to say, the object of them is invited to be present—and he accepts, standing by, and hearing himself prayed for. Instead of resenting it, his heart is touched; and as the result of the last Lenten intercessions, we heard that the once obdurate headman had become a catchumen, and hoped to be baptized the following Whitsuntide, his example doubtless encouraging many others.

To a Missionary who has not been born or bred in the country, the language naturally is a great difficulty—it is so entirely unlike any Western tongue, ancient or modern, in pronunciation, structure, and grammar. Some people never succeed in mastering the three distinctive "clicks."

We wonder why gender and number should change the beginning of a word instead of the end—or why prepositions should be capable of inflexion—or why R should be pronounced like the Scotch gutteral CH. We remember once enquiring about a place spelt Da-ra-be—and the puzzled look it produced. "Ah!" came the answer at length, "you mean Dach'-a-by!"

Some of the words are very expressive. For instance, there is "impahla," which has not only the sense of luggage, but any number of "impedimenta." And there is a verb "kataza," which means to worry, to annoy, to give trouble. A servant will say that her mistress "katazas" her, i.e., finds needless fault, expects impossibilities, tells her too many things at once, etc. But we have no space for a dissertation on the Xosa language!

Until a priest has acquired sufficient fluency to preach in it, he must make use of an interpreter, who must, of course, be a fairly well-educated man. It is not always easy at first to preach—or teach—through an interpreter. You must know exactly what you want to say, and say it without hesitation; in short, clear sentences—you cannot correct a mistake; and you must try to avoid words which have more than one meaning for the same sound.

We heard of a preacher who was exhorting his flock to abstain from foul thoughts, foul words, and foul deeds," and was aghast to hear his interpreter translating the word as "fowl" — kuku! (Chicken-hearted" was not what he meant to say.) Another, preaching on one of our Lord's miracles, spoke of the fish as "coming to the surface," found his hearers being told that they were coming to the service!

The Missionaries' wives often render most efficient help to the work, in Sunday Schools, Bible Classes for women and girls, visiting sick people, and in many other ways. But their lives are far too full; the bulk of the domestic work rests chiefly on their shoulders, for native servants require much supervision and cannot be responsible for doing things the right way. Then, if there are children, the mother must be nurse and governess, must make and mend their clothes, and often take her share in the family washing. It is a very lonely life, the nearest white neighbours sometimes miles away, and we sometimes think what pleasure might be given if a "Mission-box" contained a few personal gifts for such mothers and children!

As a Mission grows from year to year, the Priest finds that he has to divide and sub-divide his work, holding services on Sunday in places

many miles apart, or taking his various districts in turn. He is fortunate if he owns any sort of vehicle, otherwise he must ride, alike in drenching rain, burning heat, or blinding dust-storms. But perhaps his hardest trial is to see the increasing promise of a glorious harvest, and to feel how unequal he is to gathering it in. He does his utmost —he works up to the limit of his strength, aye, and beyond it—but the much-needed fellow labourers are still wanting. Hence the urgent need of prayer that the Lord of the harvest will supply this great want, and that human co-operation may not be lacking.

II.—Care for the Sick.—So far this branch of Mission-work is still in its infancy, though the Missionaries—all honour to them!—have always done their best to care for the bodies as well as the souls of their flocks. The native has many centuries of rooted prejudices behind him; the belief in the "witch-doctor's" remedies, however futile or disgusting; a strong antipathy to fresh air or a regulated diet, and a dread of anything he cannot quite understand. Time and patience, and above all, Christian love, will overcome these prejudices by degrees—but there they are. The influenza epidemic, like many other troubles, proved to be a blessing in

disguise to many of the natives. True, they died by hundreds, by thousands, because the sufferers, ascribing the disease to witchcraft, fled from their huts to escape the pursuing devils, perishing in the "Bush" from neglect and exposure; or, if too ill to flee, refusing inoculation and other remedies offered by the white people, because their witch-doctors had told them that these would only have the effect of killing them off more rapidly. Many, too, died in their distant kraals before help could find them out, whole families being sometimes found lying dead. But gradually, as the heathen natives saw their Christian neighbours recovering, the natural love of life overcame prejudice; they saw that help was offered freely to all without distinction—and they began to accept it. The suffering was so great and widespread that the doctors and trained nurses were far too few to cope with it—many, indeed, succumbed themselves—and amateur help was warmly welcomed. It was easy to learn how to take temperatures and to inoculate; how to administer Epsom salts; how to give the right amount of food—commonsense and good will had to serve for knowledge and experience. Little, if any, direct Mission-work could be attempted—there was no time; but

indirectly much was accomplished. Not only was the belief in the witch-doctor shaken, but the "reds" began dimly to see what lay behind this willingness to help them, on the part of the people whom they did not know—the way was prepared for them to learn the meaning of "the constraining love of Christ."

Medical missionaries and native hospitals are sorely needed in the Territories. At present (1919) there are only two, one at St. Cuthbert's, Tsolo, the other at St. Barnabas', Pondoland West. Here Dr. Sutton, who—like St. Luke—was a physician of the body as well as the soul, started work as long ago as 1892, aided by a grant from the S.P.G. He earned the lasting good-will of the Paramount Chief Bokleni, by treating him successfully for an attack of delirium tremens. His own ill-health, however, forced him to resign in 1897. For twelve years the medical work was in abeyance; then it was carried on for five years by Mrs Cruickshank, who was succeeded two years later by Dr. Hannah Irving. The two rooms in which the hospital and dispensing work was carried on were in 1910 replaced by a wattle and daub building, where a great work is done by doctor and nurse, and many a conversion dates from a patient's stay at the hospital,

or even from benefits received at the dispensary.

At St. Cuthbert's the hospital is on a larger scale. There are wards for (occasional) European as well as native patients; accommodation for consumptives, for whom fresh air, day and night, will do more than anything else; St. Lucy's Chapel, a beautiful little building in constant use, which is felt to be the centre round which the work of healing revolves. Dr. McMurtrie has worked wonders there, and patients are brought in waggons and sleighs from immense distances—some, alas! too late to be of any use. One of the group of seven Wantage Sisters who work on the Mission is the matron of St. Lucy's Hospital, with the help of two or three English nurses and a native probationer, whose knowledge of the language is a great help, while the doctor also employs native orderlies. These, under his careful training, are soon able to render valuable assistance in surgical operations, especially when patients at a distance have to be visited.

It is a common assertion that "Kafirs are an ungrateful lot." Those who are brought into close contact with them emphatically contradict the statement. Show kindness to the natives in sickness or trouble, and they will never forget it

—nor do the patients in the hospital. Their very gratitude makes them willing to listen to those who try to guide them "into the way of truth," and many an earnest and devoted Christian dates his conversion to his stay in the hospital.

III. Education.—One of the most crucial questions of the day is "How shall the native be educated?" Formerly it was "Shall the native be educated?" but there are few now who would think it worth while to discuss this question. For many years schools were carried on by Missionaries without any help from Government, but now the Education Department has a good deal to say in the matter, and pecuniary support is given, though as yet not very liberally. Hitherto the mistake has been made of trying to educate the natives on English lines; that is, to "get them through" their Standards without any effort to fit them to earn their own living by teaching them useful trades or improved methods of farming, so that unless they are to be teachers, or clerks, or interpreters, their education will not be of much practical use to them.

Recently, however, a Native Industrial Exhibition was held at Umtata, in which were shown specimens of what natives can be taught to do with their hands. Beautiful basket-work, plaited grass and mealie-leaves made into all manner

of useful things; needlework of every kind, plain and ornamental; well-made chairs, tables, book-cases and other articles of furniture; boots and saddlery; clay models of animals and natural objects, carefully finished; one large room given up to the processes of carding wool, spinning and weaving, as taught at St. Cuthbert's —all these and many more exhibits served to show astonished visitors of what natives are capable, and how they respond to good teaching. They are also a musical race, and the quality of the part-singing was another surprise; the words clearly enunciated, the notes true and sweet, the expression all that could be desired. It would have been hard indeed for white boys and girls of the same age to excel them.

But to go back to the schools. In places where the attendance is necessarily small, the 4th or even the 3rd standard limits the education given. Scholars who want to go further must attend a larger school at a greater distance—if there is one.

Whence, it may be asked, do the teachers in these schools come? They come from the schools themselves. To this day there are still little schools whose teachers have never gone beyond the 4th standard —but they are rapidly dying out, the places of such teachers being increasingly supplied by others of higher educational qualifications.

Now there are Native Training Institutions, a few under the Anglican Church, but others managed by Wesleyans or Presbyterians, all under the control of the Education Department, whose sanction must be obtained for the appointment of teachers. Into these Institutions boys and girls who have passed the 6th Standard are received—generally on the nomination of some Missionary—and trained as teachers—a "practising school" being always close by, where they can put into practice theories they are taught. They must pass the First, Second and Third Year Pupil Teachers' Examinations, are then registered as "T 3," and are eligible for appointments as teachers. These examinations are entirely in English, and until lately were identical with those to be passed by European boys and girls; but now the First Year is made somewhat easier, and the Second and Third for natives correspond to the First and Second for Europeans. Does it not argue considerable intellectual power in these natives, that they should be able to pass—sometimes with conspicuous success—examinations held in what is to them a foreign tongue, and be able to teach in it?

It lies largely in the hands of these native teachers to make or mar the future of their country, for they exercise a powerful influence in the schools where they teach—some-

times they are the only Christians in a large heathen district. Hence it is most important that the training they receive should be the best possible—not only to make them good teachers, but good men and women.

In the Territories there are two such Institutions—St. John's College, Umtata, for boys, and All Saints', Engcobo, for girls. Both are always full to overflowing, and are obliged every year to refuse large numbers of pupils, who must perforce apply to some Wesleyan or Presbyterian Institution for admission. Gladly would they enlarge their borders, but funds are wanting, and the Government is chary of help. The fees paid barely cover the cost of food—indeed, when there is a drought, or from any other cause prices rise, the cost is not covered. Salaries—which are always lower than those in purely Government schools—are paid partly by the Department, partly by the local Native Council, but strict economy has to be exercised with regard to books, apparatus and furniture. Other expenses are met by a grant from the diocese, and by such help as friends overseas are able to send.

During the influenza epidemic, when all schools had to be closed for a time, the St. John's College boys were scattered amongst friends and relatives who needed their help, and a little preliminary instruction was

given them as to how to act when medical aid was not forthcoming. "Send me some more of your boys," wrote the magistrate of a neighbouring district to the Principal, "they are doing admirable work." Does not that simple request speak volumes for the training they receive?

At All Saints', the girls live under the care of Sisters, who undertake their religious and domestic training, while their education is carried on by a Lady Principal, with the help of an assistant, who also supervises the Practising School and the native teachers, where the girls take classes by turns, and receive help and criticism. The staff is far too small for seventy girls, but the funds do not admit of more at present. The girls keenly appreciate the atmosphere of loving care which surrounds them and many a grateful letter do they write after their time of training is over, and they have begun their career as teachers, showing that they have not forgotten words of help and counsel in difficulties, comfort given in hours of sorrow, or nursing in times of suffering. Not all of them become teachers; some marry as soon as they leave the Institution, but they make good wives and mothers, and often act as missionaries to those amongst whom they live.

Many girls who would gladly come to All Saints' cannot raise even the

small sum—£6—required to cover the year's boarding-fees, but we hope the day is not far distant when friends at home, realizing the need for such help, will undertake to support a few promising girls during their three years of training.

Some of the boys in St. John's College, instead of becoming teachers, aim at a still higher calling, and these pass on to St. Bede's Theological College, only a few hundred yards away, where they receive a long and careful training as catechists, and—if the signs of vocation are there—for the diaconate, and ultimately the priesthood.

But quite as important as the work of training the coming generation of natives, is that of rightly bringing up the white children of the Territories. Unfortunately—as has too often been the case—the Church was not ready to seize the opportunity when it offered, and it slipped from her grasp. Roman communities, both of men and women, have numerous schools throughout the country, and being well supported, can afford to take boarders on low terms. The quality of the education given differs in these schools, but in one thing they are all alike—they give no religious training. Moral training—yes; they do their best; but they can only teach their own faith, and that, to the majority of their pupils, would not be acceptable. The result is, that boys and girls leave these

to, religion—and when they grow up, schools ignorant of, and indifferent marry, and have children, they hand on to them this ignorance and indifference. Undenominational schools, supported by the Education Department, are rapidly increasing, but though the secular teaching there given is usually excellent, God is left out, and it is no exaggeration to say that many children educated in these schools are far more ignorant about spiritual things than the natives in Mission schools.

At one time Umtata had Diocesan Schools for both boys and girls; but the former died out altogether for want of support. The latter—St. Margaret's School—after a hard struggle for existence, is now firmly established, and many of its former pupils are doing excellent work as teachers, while others, after going through the commercial course instituted within the last few years, are doing well as clerks, cashiers, or in Government offices. But a school without support from the Education Department, and depending for its maintenance almost entirely on fees which can never be high enough quite to cover expenses, must always be somewhat of an anxiety to the Diocese, to which it would so gladly be a handmaid. The salaries can never be as high as those in Government schools, and teachers from England must have their passages paid. St. Margaret's would gladly

open its doors wide to the daughters of the clergy in the diocese, whose pitifully small stipends make it very hard, if not impossible, to give their children an adequate education; but without receiving help from outside in bursaries, this would only tend to increase the working expenses of the school. May the time come when St. Margaret's will be able amply to fulfil her mission of gathering in the white children of the Territories for Christ, and implanting in them the desire to share their blessings with the children of a darker race!

Perhaps some girl who has read thus far is thinking, "I should like to be a missionary, but I know I am too young, and I could never do all that is required." Well, in the first place, no one is too young to have the desire—only it must not be allowed to die out. A missionary is, or should be, some one whose heart is filled with the love of God, and the longing to win souls for Him—but this in itself is not enough—there must be (1) unselfishness, (2) tact, and (3) common-sense, or the higher gifts will be rendered useless. Every-day life at home and in school—and even in society—will afford abundant opportunities of practising the two first qualities. They are not easy to acquire in later life, so the sooner you begin, the better—the effort will be splendid discipline. The third, common-sense, is no less necessary, and includes a great deal. No one

can be too well educated for the life of a Missionary—God's tools cannot be too highly polished—but many kinds of knowledge are required. You should know how to do plain cooking and the ordinary work of a house; to wash and iron well; to make and mend clothes; to be an adept in "First Aid" and in carrying out the duties of a sick room. These are not difficult matters—a well-educated girl could acquire any of them in a few months if she were in earnest, and although a Missionary might not need them all, she must be able to teach and superintend others, and this cannot be done without personal experience.

Most girls have a leaning towards one form of occupation rather than another, and this leaning will often decide the direction their future lives will take. For those who aim at the Missionary life, it is doubly important, and should be earnestly cultivated with this end in view.

There are three callings which are specially suited for women-missionaries in the Territories: those of (1) doctor, (2) nurse, (3) teacher. Let us say a few words about each. The first, of course, demands special gifts and a long and costly training, so is not within the reach of many. The Secretary of the Women's Department, S.P.G., would gladly give information as to the best way of utilizing such a career in South Africa.

A well-trained nurse could easily adapt herself to the conditions of life in the Territories, provided she has good health, can put up with discomforts and inconveniences, and is of a bright and cheerful disposition. Neither she nor the doctor would ever be able to make a large income, but enough can be earned by those who are content with a moderate supply of the good things of this world.

Teachers are perhaps more needed than either.* Whether they wish to work amongst white, native, or coloured children, it is best to pass the Matriculation examination, for this, no matter in which university it is obtained, is a passport to all others in South Africa, and greatly facilitates the after-career. It is a good plan for those intending to teach in this country, to spend a year in a Training College (such as St. Peter's, Grahamstown) studying for what is called the "T. 2" examination—which is to open to all who have matriculated, and entitles those who pass it to full recognition as certificated teachers. There is also the additional advantage of becoming familiar with South African methods. Certain subjects—such as drawing and needlework—are, in the opinion of many experts, taught on better

* Young people of both sexes of average education may go out as Teachers to Mission Schools, even if they have no certificate, and may attend Vacation Courses for acting Teachers at Capetown, Grahamstown and other centres, and obtain a Certificate by passing an examination at the end of the Vacation Course, the examination being confined to the subjects dealt with during the Course of Lectures.

lines than at home ; others not so well —but South Africa is in earnest about education, and every year sees some improvement.

There is a further examination, the "T. 3," but this can only be gained by teachers of five years' experience, so need not be enlarged upon here. We may say, however, that neither the "T. 2" nor the "T. 3" would offer any special difficulty to a really well-educated girl.

Colonial teachers, as a rule, shrink from native schools and institutions, from a certain in-born prejudice, strongest of all in those of Dutch origin, so there is the more need that girls from the old country who are free from this prejudice, and who realize the Divine love for souls of every race and colour, should offer themselves for this important work. A knowledge of the language is not necessary, since all the teaching is given in English, though it is desirable to acquire it for missionary purposes.

There is a great scope for those willing to work in Church schools for white children, and to accept a lower salary for the love of God. Much the same kind of secular teaching is required as in High Schools at home, but the standard is not quite so high. Modern languages are not much in demand, but Dutch is now compulsory in all Government schools, and is included in all examinations, except those for natives. This, how-

ever need cause no alarm or discouragement. Dutch is a very easy language, and both spelling and grammar have been officially simplified in recent years, so that any girl with a fair knowledge of any other European language can easily acquire it. There is always someone on the staff of every school who can teach Dutch, thus new-comers have time to study it; but in Government schools it is becoming more and more the practice to accept only "bi-lingual" teachers. This somewhat handicaps English girls, who have fewer opportunities of speaking Dutch than Dutch girls have of speaking English; still, with patience and perseverance much can be accomplished.

The Secretary of the South African Colonization Society, Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1, or the Secretary of the "Church Teachers' Fellowship," Church House, Westminster, S.W. 1, will gladly communicate with any who are thinking of work in South Africa, especially in schools for white children, whether of Kindergarten age, or those more advanced. The need is very great. These South African girls often live in places so far removed from Church privileges that the religious teaching they get in their school life is often all they will ever have. Is it not worth while to try and help them, that they in their turn may be missionaries to others?